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The Blot Book



By
C. J. BUDD
and
F. T. RICHARDS



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Budd, Charles Jay

The Blot Book



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no 1.

THE BLOT BOOK



WAY up on the sixteenth floor
A Lived little Tommy Tink,

Who always found a good excuse
To write with pen and ink;

And every night he'd sit and write,
Before he went to bed,
Of everything he'd seen that day
And what he did and said;

For Tommy had an Uncle Joe
Who lived out Frisco way,
To whom he'd never fail to write
A letter every day.





ONE night, when everything was still
And not a creature stirred,
He felt a funny feeling, and
The strangest thing occurred;

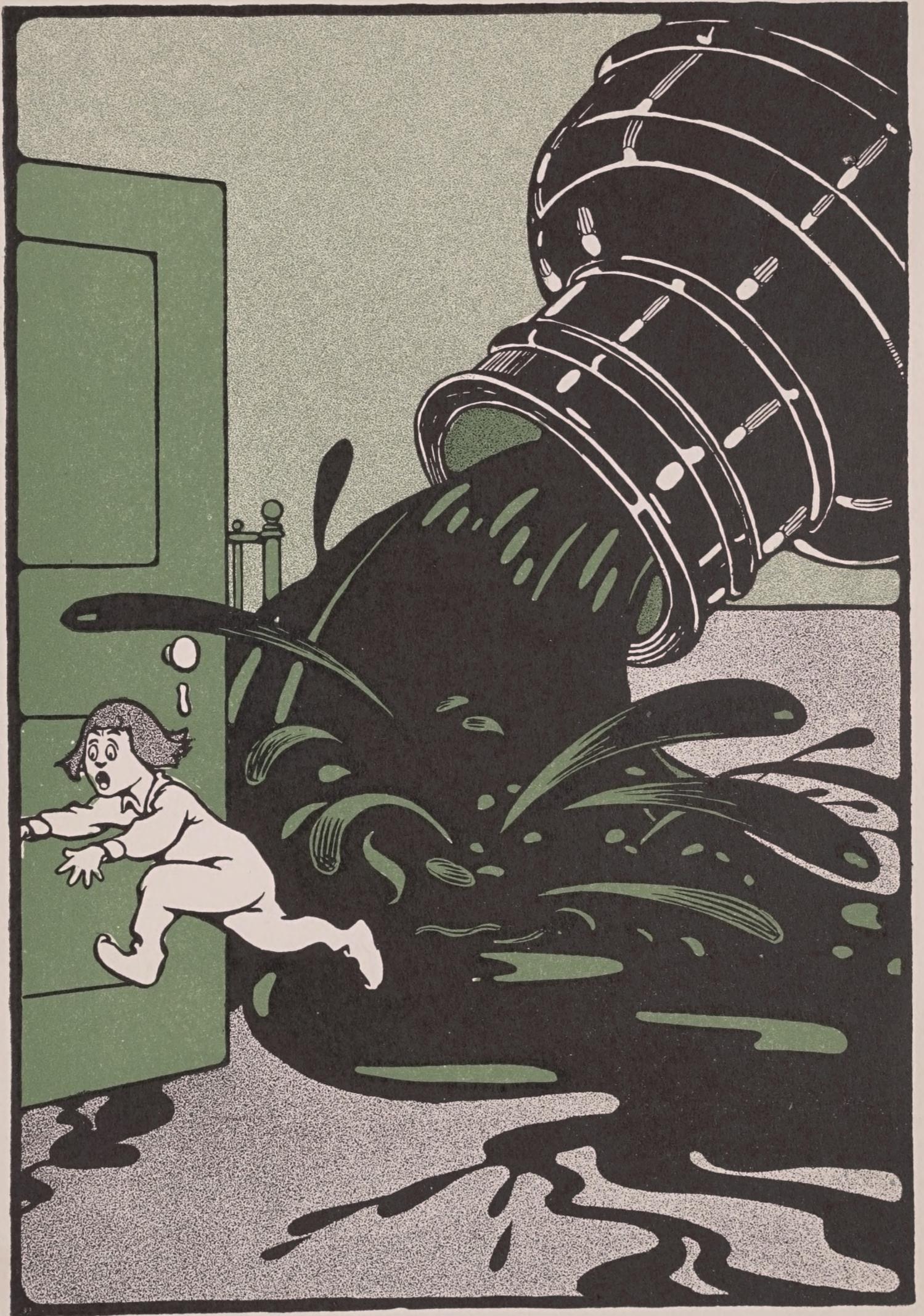
The bottle that contained the ink
Began at once to rise,
Until, to his astonishment,
It reached colossal size.





IT seemed to swell, and swell, and swell
'Till it could swell no more;
Then toppled over with a crash
And landed on the floor.

Now such a seething sea of ink
Was never seen before,
And, Tommy, to escape the flood,
Dashed madly through the door.





EDELIA had a "pretty Polly"

Which said all sorts of things;

It had a green and purple head,

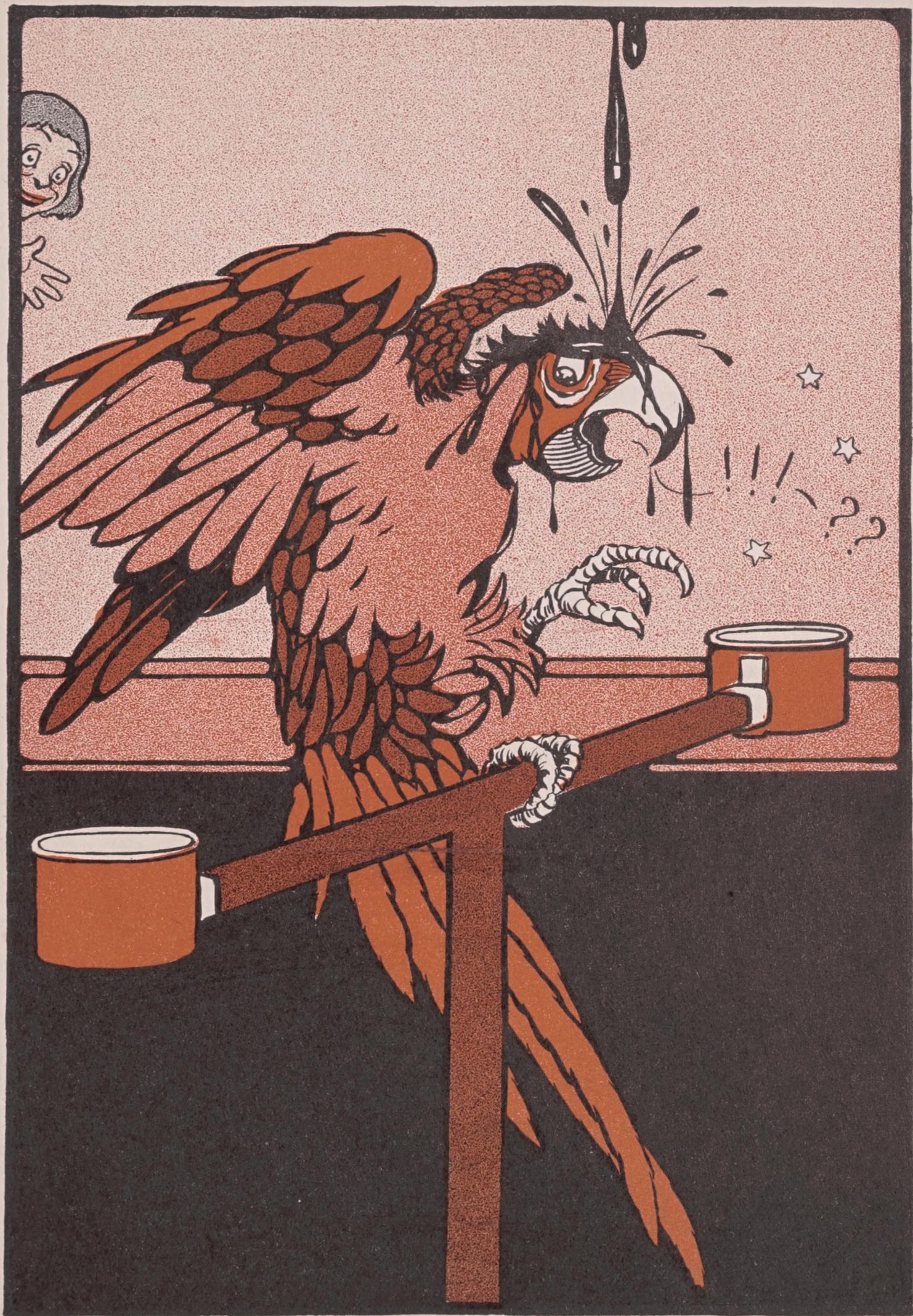
And red and yellow wings.

But when that ink got in its work

All over Polly's head,

The publisher refused to print

The things that Polly said.





THE Jones's kept a Chinese cook
Whose name was Ting-Ling-Hi;
Who cooked just anything at all
From soft-boiled eggs to pie;

And just as Ting was dishing a
Delicious mutton stew,
The ink dripped down all over it
And over Ting-Ling, too.





BLUSHING blonde stenographer

Was giddy Gertie Gink,

Who used a fine typewriter and

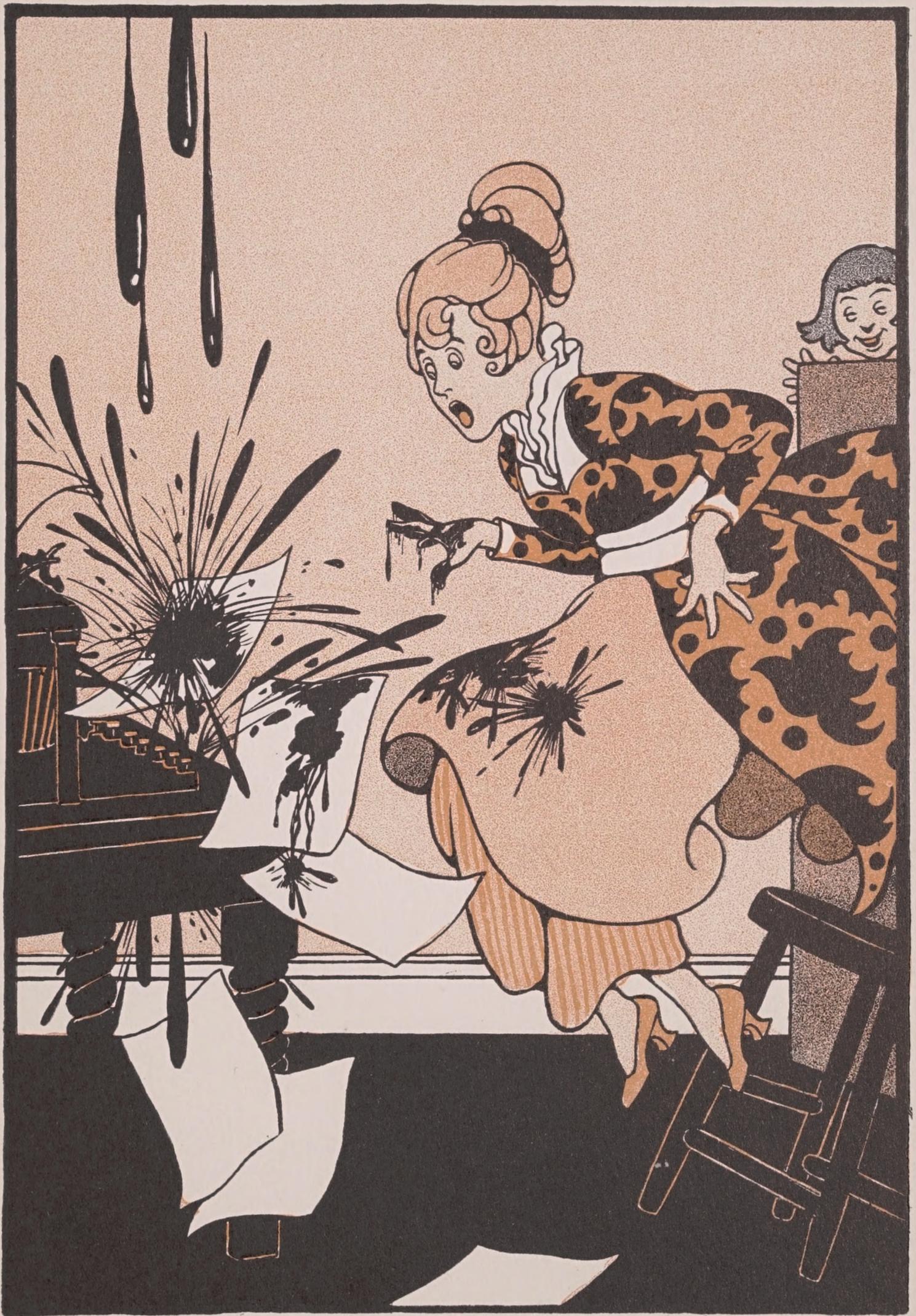
Just hated pen and ink.

Said she: "There'll never be a blot

On work that's done by me;"

But just then something happened and

She was a sight to see.





NOW, Mama to the office brought
Her bouncing baby boy;

He was his Mama's precious pet,
His Papa's pride and joy.

Was bouncing baby's Papa pleased

To see his boy? Well, maybe!

But all at once he cried: "How's this?"

Why, that's a colored baby!"



F.T. RICHARDS.



THE ink soaked quickly through the floor
Into the room below;

And, Tommy, as he rushed down-stairs
Peeped through the door and—oh,

The sight that greeted Tommy's eyes
Was one that made him blink;
For there was old Miss Pinchem with
Her bald head full of ink.





RIGHT underneath Miss Pinchem's room

Lived lanky lawyer Flint;

A cranky, crusty, cross old fox

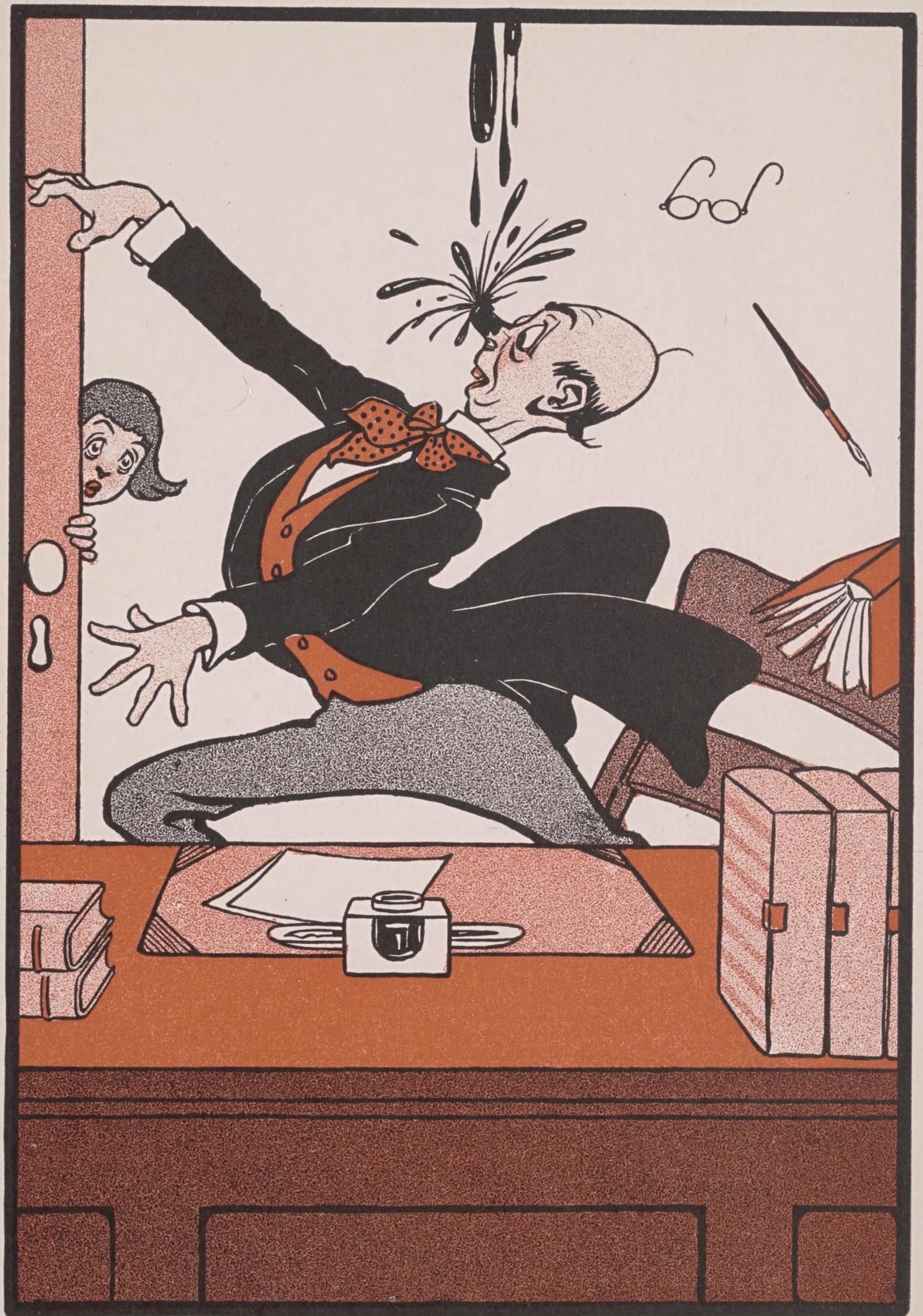
With bow legs and a squint.

Now, Tommy, in his downward flight

Saw—what do you suppose?

Old “foxy” with a great big blot

Of ink upon his nose.





OLD Mr. Michael Moynahan
Was sitting in his tub;
Said he, "I've finished bathing, so,
I'll give myself a rub."

But when that flood of ink came down
Upon the helpless man,
You never would have recognized
Old Mr. Moynahan.





OLICEMAN Patrick Flannigan

Was courting Mary Ann;

And, every night, to get a bite

To eat was Patrick's plan;

But once as he sat sipping tea

He leaped up with a cry,

Because a mighty blot of ink

Came splash upon his pie.





NOW, Mr. Schneider loved to play

Upon his big bass horn;

And every one was wild because

He played from night 'till morn.

He'd toot, and toot, and toot until

No one could sleep a wink;

But Schneider soon stopped tooting when

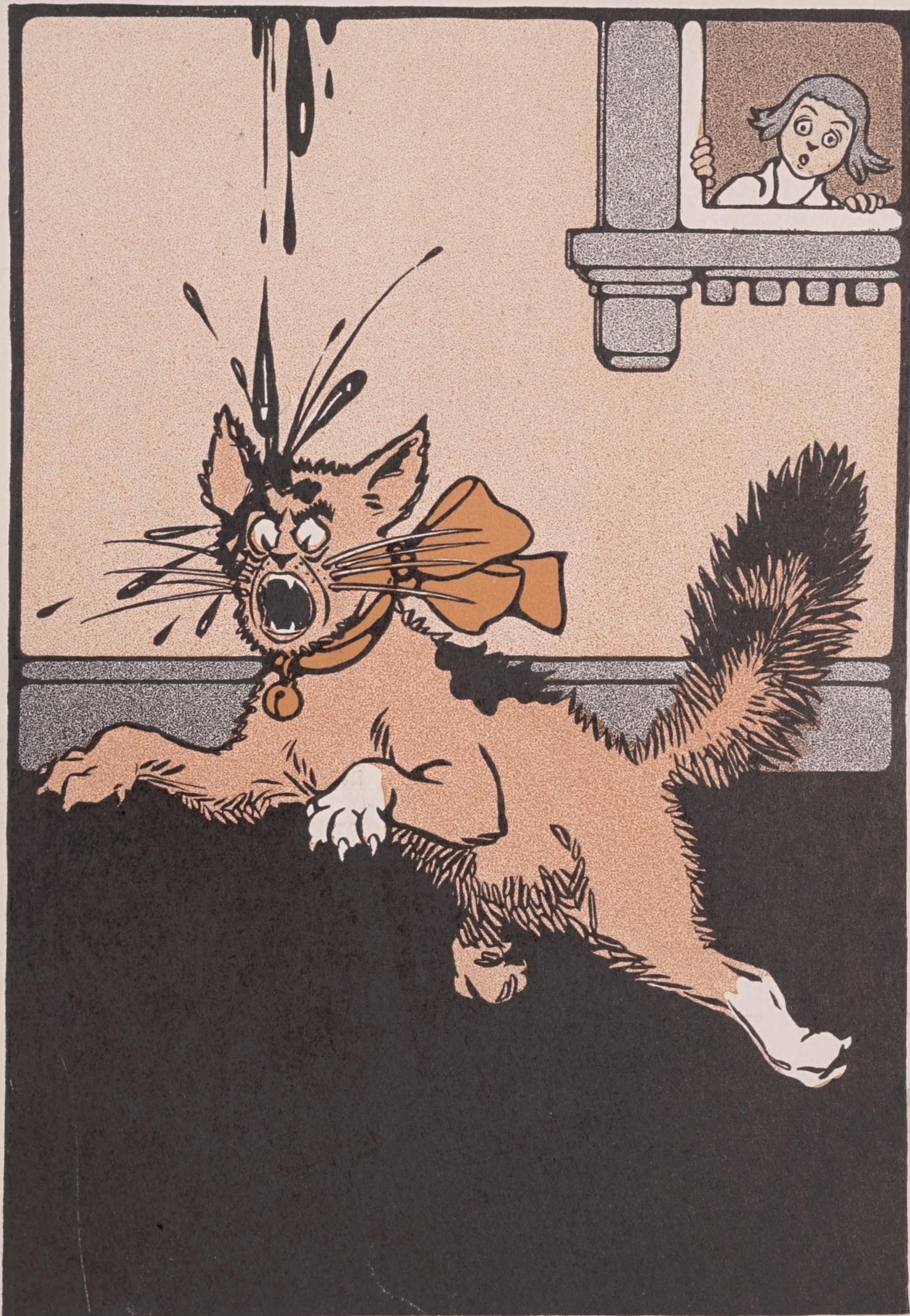
His horn got full of ink.





THE ink ran here, the ink ran there,
And soaked through every floor;
Until it seemed it soaked, and soaked
'Till it could soak no more.

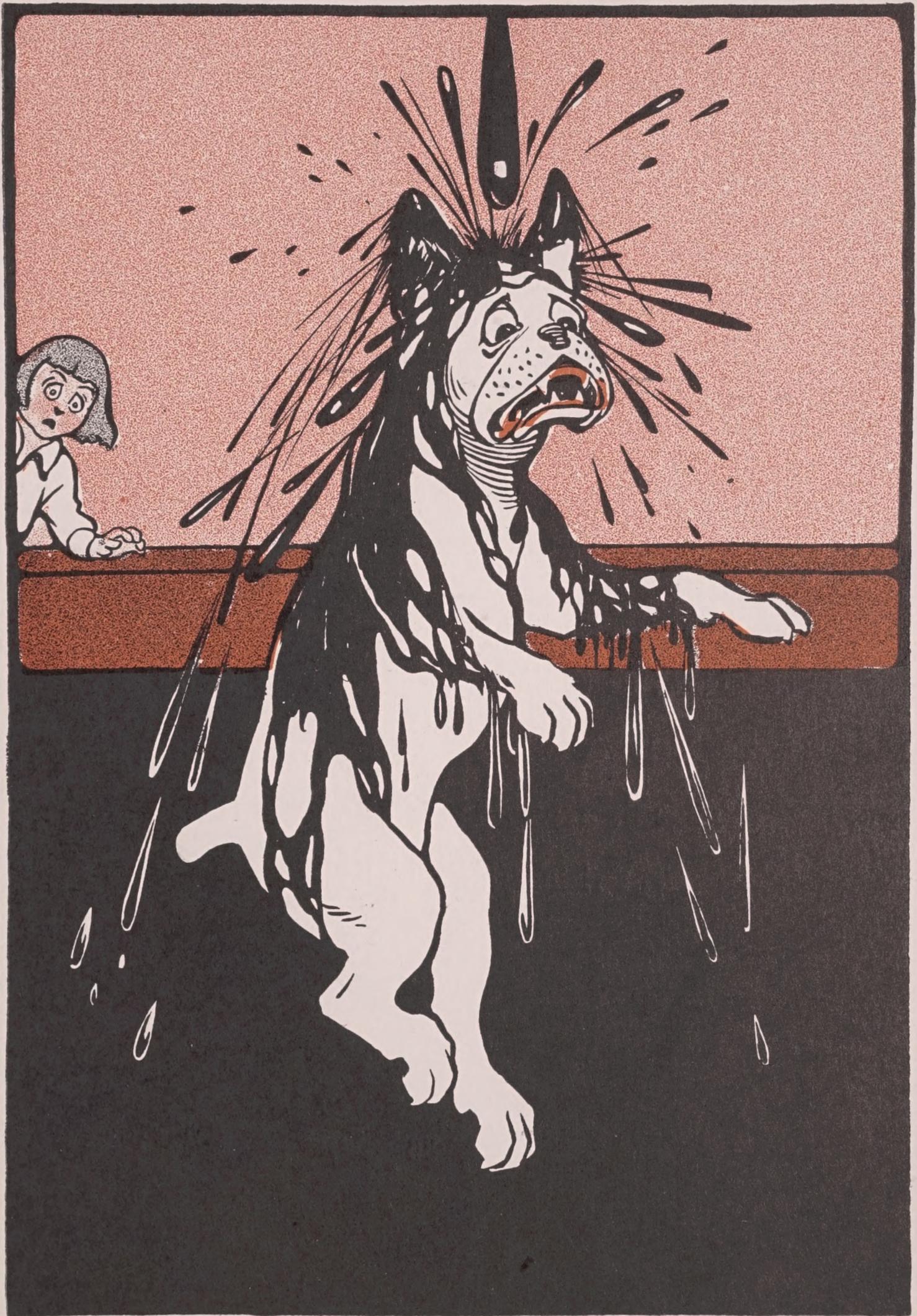
Now, Toby was a Thomas cat
That dearly loved a row;
But when that ink came pouring down
He fled with wild "me-e-e-yow!"





SYLVESTER was a faithful dog
With fur a snowy white,
Who kept the finest kind of watch
On everything at night.

But when, one night, he felt a flood
Of something on his back,
He was a most astonished dog
To find he had turned black.





INTO the basement soaked the ink,
Where Mrs. MacIntosh
Had filled the tubs with bubbling suds
To do the weekly wash.

Now, as the ink could not soak down
Below the basement floor,
That floor was flooded and the tide
Kept rising more and more.

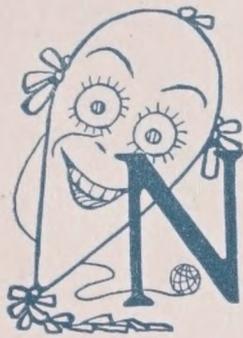




POOR, portly Mrs. MacIntosh
Would sink, and float, and shout,
While Tommy kicked, and squirmed, and dipped.
And rolled and splashed about.

Up higher, higher rose the ink
'Till Mrs. MacIntosh
Exclaimed: "I see, it won't be me
Will do the weekly wash."





NOW, when the ink had risen 'till
It nearly touched the ceiling,
It seems that Tommy had another
Very funny feeling;

For, as the ink surged to the top,
Why, bang! went Tommy's head;
When suddenly he got awake
And found himself in bed.



MORAL

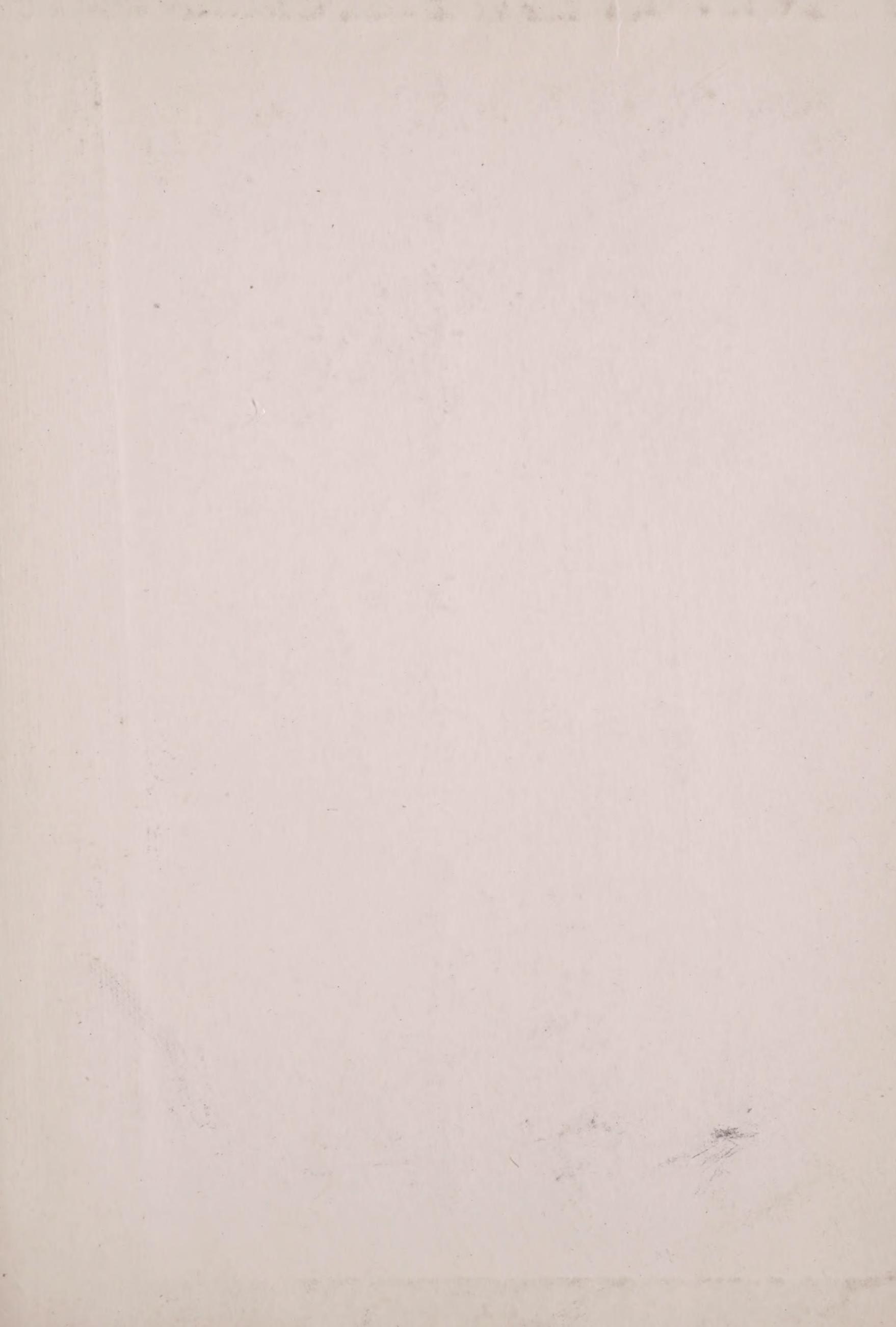
THE moral, here, you see is clear,
For Tommy firmly said:

“ Hereafter I won’t eat mince-pie

Just as I go to bed.”



The End.



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